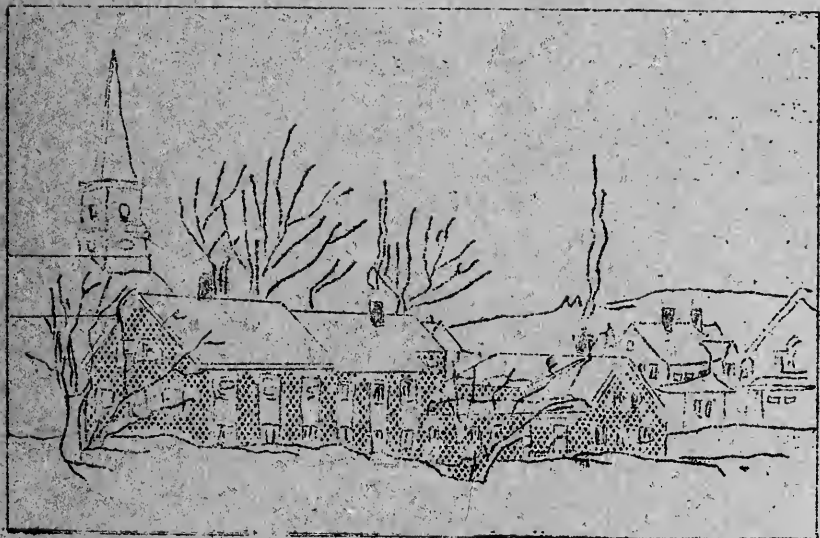


NORTHERN

JUNKET



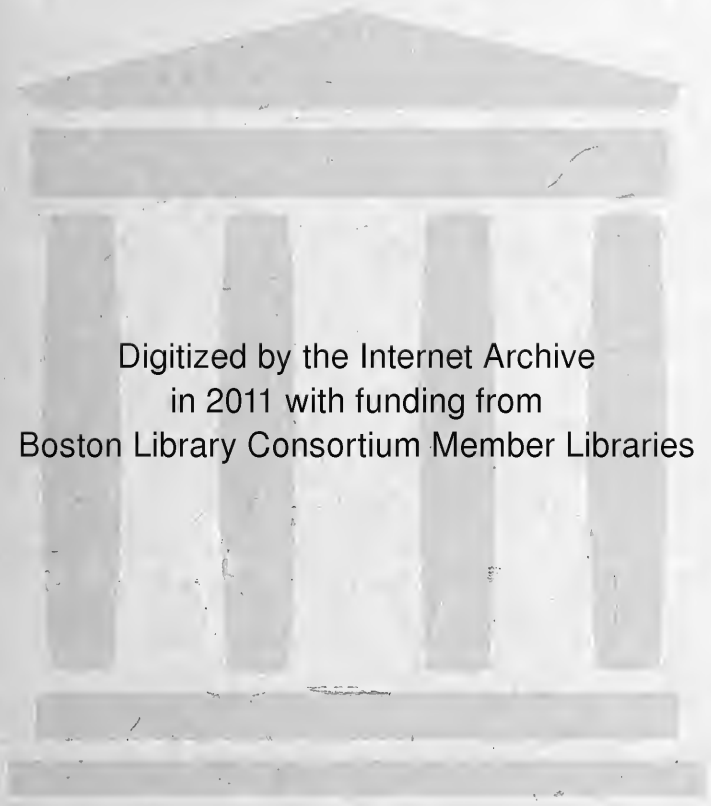
Vol 10
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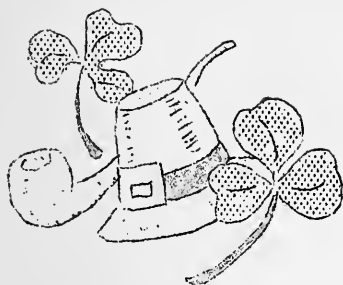


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T A K E I T O R

L E A V E I T

Please don't panic! The pink "special offer" slip in your copy of NORTHERN JUNKET does not necessarily mean that it is time to renew your sub-

scription - though you may do so if you wish. It is hoped that you will hand the pink slip to a friend or send in a special subscription for him. In this way we can get some new readers. "The devil with a pitchfork slip is another matter - your subscription really has expired!

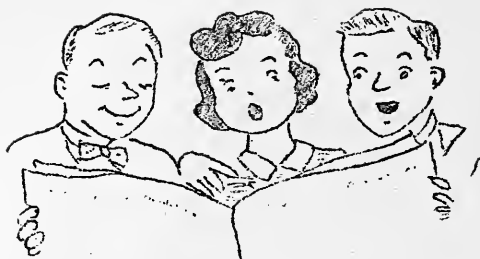
I was saddened to learn of the death of Madeline Greene in San Francisco, February 9th. The dance world has suffered a heavy blow from which it will not quickly recover. Especially the folk dance circles on the West Coast.

Madeline was a woman of strong likes and dislikes, yet she refused to talk against any dance teacher behind that person's back. I am sorry to say that there are not too many professional dance teachers who think and act like that.

I shall never hear the lovely music for "Parado de Valdemosta" or do the dance without thinking of Madeline. Slainte!

With all best wishes

Ralph



THOSE WERE

THE DAYS

by RALPH PAGE

A kitchen junket is a party in someone's home at which dancing, singing and story telling occurs. In this respect they are quite like an Irish ceillidh. Many times there was only dancing. I've never attended one where the time was wholly taken up with singing, though I've been to several wherein story telling seemed more important than the dancing. By story telling I mean folk tales of the town or nearby regions of events long past, or about people who lived a couple of generations ago; ghost stories too, once in a while, or about murders or strange disappearances - and some of these would curl your hair even today! You can still find kitchen junkets in New Hampshire - if you know where to go! They are quite common in the northern part of the state among the French-Canadian citizens. However - they are by no means as common as they were when I was a young man growing up in the Monadnock Region of southwestern New Hampshire.

The last heyday of the junkets came during the depression years of the 1930's. Money was a scarce commodity then, and I DO mean scarce. Few of us could afford to pay money for a dance very often. That did not

stop us from dancing though, and that is where the kitchen junkets enter the picture I am trying to describe.

Two things are needed for a junket: people who like to dance and know the dances, and someone who can play the proper tunes for them. If you included squares or quadrilles as we called them then, of course a prompter was needed. Most of the time we got along very well with just dancers and a fiddler, or a harmonica player. You see all of us knew dozens of contra dances and you do not need anyone to tell you how to dance something you already know and have danced a thousand times. We could at once form sets for Lady Walpole's Reel, Money Musk, Chorus Jig, Fisher's Hornpipe, Morning Star, Opera Reel, French Four, Hull's Victory, Speed the Plow, Road to Californy, Merry Dance, Wild Goose Chase and as many more. Woe betide anyone who got ahead of the music



and tried to start a figure on the wrong phrase of the music. We had been too well drilled by our elders to permit any such nonsense as that. When an ebullient youngster of near teen-age thought to pep things up by going down the center ahead of time, or swing too long, or to turn a girl inside out on a ladies chain, he was told off in no uncertain terms. Nothing personal you understand - we just wouldn't let it pass unnoticed.

We were lucky in my home town of Nelson, N.H. With a total population of less than 400 there were five good fiddlers and an exceptional prompter; several who could "chord-it" on a piano or an organ, as well as a sterling 5-string banjo player who added a great deal of life and sparkle to the larger planned junkets. With this sort of musical base on which to build, more

often than not you will find a town with a lot of good dancers living in it. So it was with Nelson, and more particularly, the village of Munsonville, which was the "mill town section" of the township. Chester Towne, Lawrence Holmes, my father, my uncle - Wallace Dunn - were all good fiddlers and up in the center of town lived Al Quigley, who was better than good, he was exceptional. In earlier days old Sewall Page was accounted another fiddler of exceptional merit. Occasionally we might be fortunate enough to have Newt Tolman from the east part of town join in with flute or clarinet. Jim Davis, while not living in town, was often available with his 5-string banjo.

Everybody in my family was a good dancer. We were a large family if you included, as we did, not only close blood relations, but cousins three and four times removed, their in-laws, plus a few real close friends or "near family". My Uncle Wallace Dunn was a terrific dancer and I've never seen his equal when it came to "show off" steps when he went "down the outside and back". Such "pigeon wings" and "High Betty Martin" steps are never seen no, anywhere. They are lost forever. Modern-day square dancers do not go in for fancy solo steps; they just go through complicated drills and "wallow around like hogs on ice" as the old timers used to say! My mother could dance circles around anyone within ten miles with the exception of Mabel Gibson. The two of them liked to be in the same set together with their favorite dancing partners, John McClure and "Little Henry" Wilson. Once in a while they'd succeed in needling Uncle Wallace into calling his most complicated figure: "First four forrard 'n back, forrard again, sashay out 'n form in lines". I never could do it. It went something like this: you took your opposite person in the identical dance position known in Irish dan-



cing as a "wrap around", turned each other in tiny chaste steps and formed lines across the set, somewhere, somehow. I'm sorry I brought the subject up because I know there'll be letters inquiring further into how to do the figure. The only person I could dance it with was Millie Green and only because she knew what to do!

But to return to our kitchen junkets. We were lucky in having many New England style farmhouses still being lived in and large enough to accomodate from one to three sets of contra dancers. The kitchens in those old farmhouses were enormous - the largest room in the house, in fact, so that there was ample room for a contra set of six or eight couples to dance without being crowded. In spring and fall, when most of the larger junkets were held, there would be sets in the north dining room (summer dining room) and living room (sitting room we called it). The favorite place for the fiddler was up in the kitchen sink! Someone would bring in a three-legged milking stool and set it in one end of the black iron sink. Others would help the fiddler to clamber up to this vantage point, and there he would sit, eyes half closed, a smile on his face as he bowed the right tune for the dance. He was careful not to sit with his back to the pump - too many times his pocket had been filled with cold well water!

More often than not a junket was a spontaneous affair, quite unplanned. We used to sort of take turns visiting of an evening at the homes of different members of the clan to play cards, or just to visit and exchange local gossip. Tonight, for instance, a dozen or so of us might have gathered at Howard Tompkin's home - Howard had married my cousin Irene, and thus was one of the family - and in the sitting room maybe six of us were



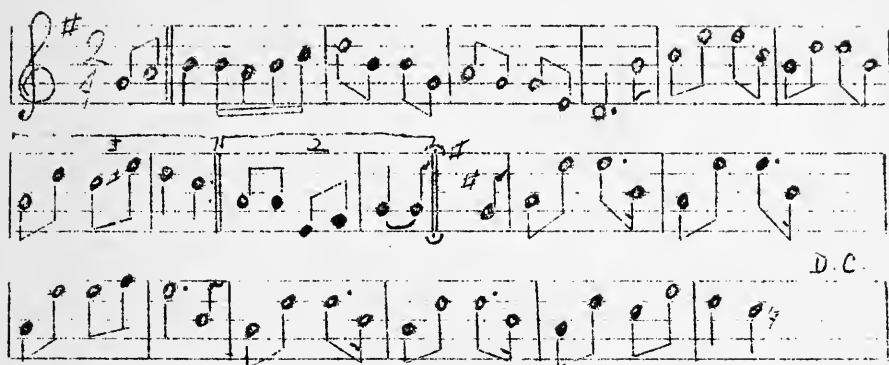
seated around the table playing pitch, sixty-three pinochle or forty-five, with three or four not so silent kibitzers looking on. If it was a close game we might continue until it was time for a snack, but if someone was taking a bad beating and was "deep in the hole", the chances were good that before long he would push back his chair, throw down his cards in disgust and say, "Oh, to hell with it. Let's dance."

There would be a few scattered protests from the winners, but it was useless. In a jiffy we had all trooped out into the kitchen, disrupting the small groups of girls who were doing some darning or sewing, along with two or three young men who were visiting for reasons of their own, and had arrived too late to get into the card game. The kitchen table was moved to another room, chairs pushed back out of the way; Howard would bring out his fiddle and we lined up for a set.



Many times the head couple chose the contra they wanted to dance, and very often it would be "Lady Walpole's Reel". It was a great favorite with us. At public dances it often started off the evening's program and, believe it or not, would be danced two or three times more during the evening. Over in Antrim and Bennington, twenty miles to the east, the same dance was known as "Lady Washington's Reel". We sometimes called it facetiously "The Married Man's Favorite". Because, since it frequently led off the evening's dancing, you were supposed to have the first dance with your wife, and in the dance the only time you came close to her was when you went "down the center and back"!

LITTLE SALLY WATERS



Howard was from New York State and knew more quadrille tunes than he did for contra dances but it was his house, so we were too well brought up to say much about it. The dance seemed to go about as well to say "Little Sally Waters" as it did to "Lady Walpole's Reel" which not every country fiddler could play anyway since it was in the key of B-flat. After six or seven minutes of the first dance Howard would call "All forrard 8n back. All swing pardners". And it would be over. Followed a general shuffling around of partners and we would line up for another. Again, whoever got to the head first named the dance to follow. This would go on for maybe an hour when by common agreement all would be willing to stop for coffee and a light snack. If there was going to be any story telling, this was the time for it, after the snack had been eaten. Seldom did we get to singing at these spur-of-the-moment junkets. There was no law that said we couldn't, and we wouldn't have thought it amiss had someone raised his voice in song. Usually though, the singing came at the planned junkets which usually were held in the spring or fall.

- to be continued -





AT LAST AN AWAKENING

by ED MOODY

For years I have wondered why some folks who have danced and danced over several decades always seem to be about one half a beat behind the music when, after a slight pause with no movement, they come back into action. They know the figures inside out, forward and back, yet they're always off the beat.

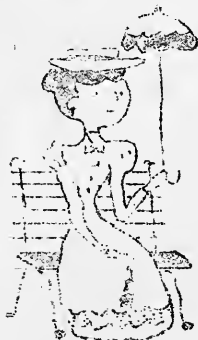
Well, last Saturday, sitting on the side lines at a folk dance gathering I think that I solved their problem. This was a very mixed group made up of many excellent folk dancers and many couples who were old time square dancers. The patterns contained movements all knew well, though they were often assembled differently in procedure from old time New England square dance figures. The tempo was such that any experienced dancer could easily follow the prompter who was anticipating the calls properly, giving his commands a beat or two before execution.

However, I noticed that some of these old-time square dancers were behaving exactly as they had always behaved - going through what one might call delayed ig-

nition. Yes - about 2-3 counts late in getting into action

Then I began watching the footwork of both the on the beat dancers and that of the laggards. The latter came to a complete stop physically, and probably mentally, when they came to one of those no-movement places, while the ones who hit it right on the button never did become completely dormant. Their shoulders, their heels, or their toes, or their knees, were beating out the rhythm of the music, though their bodies remained in one spot. Mentally, they had not stopped dancing though their action of bodily progress was in recess. Thus they were fully prepared to step off at the exact moment the music told them to; they simply shifted gears from neutral to first as their engines never stopped. It would seem that the laggards habitually came to rest then switched off the motor, and when called upon to move again, had to start up their engines, then shift into speed before forward progress began again.

I conclude from this observation that one should never mentally stop dancing throughout the dance. Thus one will always be right in time with the music and also with the others in the set. What is more aggravating than when an "allemande left" is called, to put out your left hand and then have to wait a beat and a half before it finds another hand to complete the figure, after which you have to hitch step and accelerate to get back on the beat. Keep your mind and your body dancing, even while you aren't progressing from a set spot.





A CLARINET AND DANCING FEET

by EDWARD WOLF

Can you envision a small boy living in New York City, listening to someone practicing Chopin's Prelude in the tenement next to us for hours, and enjoying it? I came to know this selection and the biography of this immortal Polish Composer-Patriot when I had to perform his works to qualify for my music teacher's license.

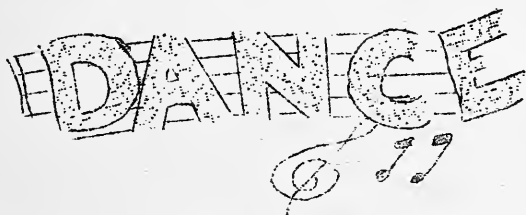
As in many things, I find true fascination for Polish music in the folk songs and dance music of the common people, for to me Polish music is a clarinet, dancing feet and a friendly handshake.

Soon after discovering Chopin, I traveled to Setauket, Long Island, where I witnessed a colony of Polish and Polish-American farmers dancing at a fair. The music had an exciting beat, and seemed to me to be quite a challenge. I could not take my eyes away from the clarinet player. Thousands of notes flew out of his

instrument! I was fascinated. How on earth did he breathe? I thought his head would burst! When he finished playing he stretched his wrinkled face, flashed me a gold-toothed smile, drank a beer and continued playing. Simply another encounter with Polish music? No, for I, too, must learn to play the clarinet and I did. The years of squeaks and squeals, panting and scales, paid off, for at last I mastered a Polish polka on my clarinet!

May I tell you how proud I was when an old man squeezed two dollars into my hand for playing a Polish polka? I was thirteen at the time, and I wondered to myself, "Was it my performance, or the fact that he enjoyed the Polish music?"

That was the beginning. Polish music was made for the clarinet. The shining, black body and silver keys of my clarinet would lead me into many encounters with Polish music and every one would be rewarding.



I grew and played in many bands. I noticed a strange phenomenon starting to occur. People no longer went to the bandleader to make requests. When they wanted a Polish song, they came to me and rightly so, for I was the clarinetist and people know that a clarinet is the embodiment of Polish folk music! It was the same anywhere we played in New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania. "Hey kid" they would shout. "Play us a Polish Polka!"

I grew, and was drafted into the army. I qualified for, and entered the United States Army Band at Fort Dix, New Jersey. One night I was asked to play at a dance for the non-commissioned officers club. We played the standard fox trots and American show tunes, until

the drummer asked if any of us knew a Polish polka. I told the piano player to play in the Key of F, closed my eyes and played one of my favorite Polish polkas. The drummer was ecstatic! He asked for another and now I had a chance to play the "Tesciowa Polka" which I



had been practicing. "Where did you learn to play those songs?" he asked. "You're not Polish?" I did not answer but began to play "Stajerek Krakowska". When the job was over the drummer asked me to join the Army dance band. "We play in Philadelphia on TV Station WFIL. We do big band arrangements of Polish Polkas, hops, ober-eks and marches," he said. I was surprised to learn this and asked if there were that many Polish Americans in Pennsylvania. He blew a big billow of cigar smoke in my face, laughed and shouted, "Everyone in Pennsylvania is Polish!" Thus it went for two years, Polish music with the song titles translated into English so we could all play the same tune.

It is now twenty years later. My many encounters with Polish music have taken me from Polish Hall in Yonkers, New York, to Polish picnics in Pennsylvania. I have sampled Polish food, fruit wines, and enjoyed the many Polish folk customs associated with Polish weddings, but the most impressive one to see and the most gratifying to me was when our band was performing, appropriately enough, at the "Polonaise Restaurant" in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, not very long ago. We were asked to play for a visiting group of Polish Folk Dancers. They were dressed in traditional Polish costumes and as we played I was entranced by the graceful qualities of this dance. When we finished, the leader, or master dancer of the group, obviously pleased with his accompaniment, walked over to me, shook my hand enthusiastically and with a big smile started to congratulate me in the Polish language. It did not matter that I could not

speak Polish for I had communicated effectively with him through the medium of authentic Polish folk music.



news

DIED: January 3, Ginny Mitchell, of Carmichael, Calif.

DIED: February 9, Madeline Greene, of San Francisco.

BORN: January 9, a son, Seth Robert, to Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wilson.

THANKS: To, Ed Randall, copy of his book "Enjoying Our Trees".

To Martin Bachrach, music for 2 Viennese waltzes.

To John & Fran Essex, cookbook & tape of Nova Scotia camp workshop.

To Ed Koenig, book "Original Cotillion Figures".

To Ted Sannella, LP record "F & W String Band".

To Mary Adams, dance orchestrations.

To Newt Tolman, copy of his book "The Nelson Music Collection".

To Harriet Lapp, back issues of Northern Junket.

To Martin Markham, cigars.

Odds and Ends

Solitude is often the reward of punctuality.

Some persons, like hens, can never find anything where they laid it yesterday.

Early to bed and early to rise can mean that you'll be sleepy at the wrong time.





THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT

by GUS GRÖNLUND

Since the dawn of history, dancing has been a vital part of life, and of living. One of its greatest benefits is that it helps people to forget thinking about their own personal problems which, as a rule are important only to themselves. Doctors have stated that dancing is wonderful therapy. I believe that square dancing is the greatest therapy in the world. Also one meets so many nice people and makes new acquaintances many of whom become lasting friendships.

Many people are concerned about the future of square dancing. Some feel that through lack of knowledge of programming, many callers are calling too much "garbage", and as a result there is chaos on the dance floor, squares falling apart too often, and the fun and satisfaction of square dancing is being overlooked.

To some, callers are using too many new figures, trying to be the "fustest with the newest", thereby making every dance a workshop. Workshops are very nice in their place, and we surely need them, but thought must be given to the many dancers who attend dances just to have a relaxed, entertaining evening of dancing and fun.

In past years - and also the present --there have been many clubs that grew from three or four squares into strong enthusiastic clubs, then wither and fall by the wayside to a point where it is a struggle to survive. Some of them disband and the members leave square dancing forever. This is the kind of tragedy that hurts every one of us in this form of recreation. Others look for better leadership and planning and grow strong once again. We don't hear of enough of these. Why are they hiding their resurgence of success?

Here are a few of the things that could possibly be the reasons for failure of a square dance club.



A. Complete failure of club officers and their caller to work together for the total overall benefit of the club and square dancing in general.

B. By callers and club members who put their personal ambitions and feelings above that of their club and square dancing.

C. Callers and their wives who cause friction and trouble by constantly trying to have too big a part in running the club. Probably the wives who are overly am-

bitious for their caller-husbands are most to blame.

D. Experienced dancers who ignore and avoid dancing with new dancers and class members.

E. Failure of callers and club officers to hold and support successful classes.

F. Failure of club officers and members to have a strong, planned program of extra and interesting club activities, such as picnics (in warm weather) caravans to other clubs, potluck suppers, and small special event dances on nights when regular club dances are not scheduled.

G. If callers, club officers and members lose sight of the main interest created by the square dance movement, which is fun and friendship.

H. Callers and dancers failing to follow the basic rules of square dancing such as personal cleanliness, friendship, abstaining from the use of alcoholic beverages before a dance and general thoughtfulness of others.



Every square dancer should try to improve the image of square dancing, starting at the club level. Club members and callers should work together to give the new dancers a better picture of what square dancing

really is; that it is fun; a truly relaxing hobby and recreation; that it creates fellowship and lasting friends. Every class member should know that we need them and want them in our clubs.

Clubs could benefit greatly if all members, at every opportunity, would show that square dancing is fun, relaxing, and makes for better living through learning co-operation in a square. One just cannot square dance if he does not co-operate with seven other people.

Callers and dancers should seek solutions to any problems that may arise, thereby learning to work together for the benefit of all.

Good leadership is the greatest asset a square dance club can have, and everyone should take this into consideration when electing new officers to guide their clubs to a successful conclusion.

- based on an article in Footnotes -

news

Thanks: To John Clark, calendar.

The Fourth Annual Peach Blossom Square Dance Festival is scheduled for Saturday, May 30, 1970 in Canajoharie, N.Y. The staff will be headlined by Charlie Baldwin, Dick Leger & "Duke" Miller. Saturday night's programme will be headlined by the Maureen Hansen Junior Irish Dancers in an exhibition of Irish step-dancing.

The International Center of Worcester, Mass. launched a new international folk dance group in Worcester Saturday, December 6, 1969, at Central Congregational Church 6 Institute Road, Worcester, Mass. The group plans regular classes-dances every 2nd & 4th Saturdays of every month in 1970. Leader will be Cressy Goodwin from Center Barnstead, N.H. Next party, March 14 & 28, 9 p.m. Everyone welcome!



THEY LIVED ON A HILL

From Marie Kearney, Farmington, Maine, comes the following note and article. She writes:

"This is copied from a little booklet called "Porter and Russell Lived On A Hill (Farmington, Maine) c. 1800" which is a book put out by the Farmington Historical Society to go along with their annual Pilgrimage Tour of old historic homes and buildings in this area. It was published in 1969. The story concerns one Ezekiel Porter, one of the early settlers in Farmington, who arrived in the area in 1790.

"This story was handed down through the generations until at last it was recorded by Stephen Deane of Temple. Carl Hamlin of that town kindly allowed us to copy Deane's article. It well illustrates how legends have been passed through generations in the area".

'It seems that one of Ezekiel's good friends was Moses Varnum, who had settled in Temple about the time that Ezekiel moved to the township.

'A few years after his coming, Moses gave a big

housewarming for some members of his family. It was in October, and the Varnums had a few acres of corn, so the party took the form of the first husking-bee in the valley. It was also the first "kitchen breakdown".

'According to the record, a short while before the event, a traveling violinist rode up to Moses' house on horseback. He was sick with a fever, and the Varnums gave him the best possible care and nursed him back to health. By the time of the party, the violinist was feeling fine and wished to show his appreciation by playing his fiddle for the guests.

'During that afternoon, several hundred pioneers husked 240 bushels of corn, and they were most eager for the breakdown at night. Col. Porter was one of the guests. It is said that "the violinist stood by the door of the log cabin that faced East, and played his violin. The violin talked and sang, and it played tunes like no one had ever heard before. The pioneers danced in the new cabin, in front of the new cabin, and among the stumps. The night was starlit and crisp, and there were several huge fires outside to keep everyone warm. As many of the pioneers were military people, the violinist played "Yankee Doodle" many times by repeated request. The kitchen breakdown lasted until morning.



'When Col. Porter took leave of the Varnums, he said to them, "Before many seasons, I will give you a cornhusking bigger than yours, and I am giving you all an invitation to come".

'A few years later, at a Fourth of July muster, Col. Porter gave out word that in late October, he

would have a cornhusking, and he wanted his whole regiment to come.

'The whole regiment did come - and so did hundreds of others! There were forty acres of corn to husk out. The colonel had prepared an ox that dressed eleven hundred pounds, and there were other things in proportion to eat. Before nightfall, sixteen hundred bushels of corn were husked. Then one of Porter's large barns was made ready for the dancing. There were three fiddlers.

'Moses Varnum and his clan were there, and Col. Porter said to Moses, "Did you have anything at your husking bee that I haven't got?"

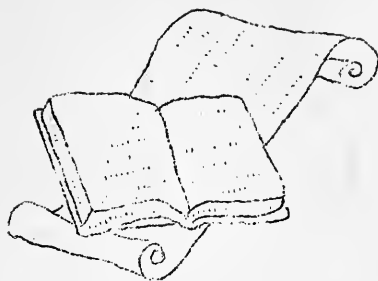
"One thing, said Varnum, "You haven't got Ole Bull to play the violin."

'According to that story, we are led to believe that the musician the Varnums had befriended was the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who won such fame for his talented playing when he made his tours of this country. And there's no doubt about it - it is a fact that Ole Bull visited every city of importance on the entire Eastern seacoast. He was also noted for his playing of "Yankee Doodle", and it is possible that in his journeys to the hinterland, he might have gone to Temple.'



Charlie cheerfully chose to chase the clucking chickens clear across the crowded campus.

The economical wife is one who doesn't mind doing without something her husband would like to have. Subtlety is the art of saying what you think and get-out of range before it is understood.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE NELSON MUSIC COLLECTION, Selected Authentic Square Dance Melodies, arranged by Newton F. Tolman. The Capital Offset Co. Concord, N.H. \$4.00 from Newton F. Tolman, Nelson, N.H. R.F.D. Marlborough, N.H. 03455.

A collection of 63 Jigs, Reels, Hornpipes, Strathspeys, Planxtys and Rants arranged for the fiddle by the author, who has played this kind of music for many years. Kay Gilbert transcribed the tunes and did a beautiful job. This is the first collection of fiddle tunes in a number of years. It is an excellent collection. The kind of airs that have echoed through the old Town Hall of Nelson, N.H. for years. The kind of music that I was brought up on, learned to call to, and enjoyed having my orchestra play for the past 30 years. I cannot recommend it too highly.

L.P. Record: "F & W STRING BAND" #F-FW-1. \$5.00 from Jack Sloanaker. Box 44, Plymouth Union, Vt. 05057.

This recording was made at the Farm and Wilderness Camps in Vermont. The band of twenty musicians consists of the staff and campers who play for the camps weekly square dances. It is a worthwhile addition to your square dance record collection. These are teenagers for the most part, playing for the fun of playing, so do not expect to hear highly professional musicians. You will be pleasantly surprised at the abil-

ity of the young people. Just to listen to them playing that hauntingly beautiful Irish air "The Shepherd's Wife" is worth the price of the record. Buy it.

FOLKSONGS 11. Edited by Thomas G. Burton & Ambrose N. Manning. Research Advisory Council of East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tenn. 1969. Hardbound \$3.00. Softbound \$2.25.

This is a far better work than the previous one in the series. In fact, I recommend it highly. The songs were gathered in the Beech Mountain, North Carolina area from four principal contributors.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE POPULAR ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, 3 vols. Chiefly Illustrating the Origin of Our Vulgar and Provincial Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. Arranged, Revised, and Greatly Enlarged by Sir Henry Ellis. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 67-23896. \$38.75 for 3 vols.

Run, don't walk, to your favorite book shop and order these books. This is a monumental work and is one of the standard works on the subject. It is well worth the price asked - to the serious folklorist. It deals basically with literary and historical allusions to traditions. They belong on the same shelf with Hone's "Everet-Day Book" and Chamber's "Book of Days" all of which are also available from Singing Tree Press.

THE CASE FOR THE SEA-SERPENT. London, 1930. xll # 291 pp. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 72-75791. \$8.50. by Rupert Thomas Gould.

Gould held unwaveringly a belief in sea-serpents. Even if you do not share his belief, this is an interesting book and worthy of a place on your folklore shelf.

THE TROUBADOURS AND COURTS OF LOVE, John Frederick Rowbotham. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 68-22048. \$11.00

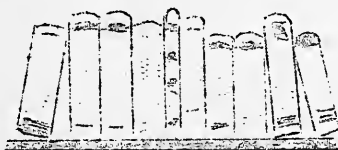
The author discusses at length the poems, music, language, ballads, stories, and romances of the troubadours. Attention is also directed towards the lives and accomplishments of gleemen, jongleurs, wandering minstrels, and glee-maidens. A worthwhile book.

AN AMERICAN GARLAND. Charles Harding Firth xlvii # 91 pp. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, Mich. 1969 L.C. 68-20123. \$7.50.

The best part of this book is the long scholarly introduction. No music is given for any of the songs, although some of the songs do have a notation saying what the tune was that it was sung to.

FAMILY NAMES AND THEIR STORY, Sabine Baring-Gould. 432 pp. Reissued by Gale Research Co. Detroit, Mich. 1969. L.C. 68-23126. \$8.00.

This is a fascinating book for the historian in your family. The introduction presents historical background on the first use of surnames in Great Britain, their selection, variants and developments. There's just enough folklore found here to warrant it a place on your shelf of such material.



Many people believe in not making the same mistake twice. They keep coming up with new ones. We always say the quitter was never much of a beginner in the first place. It takes a high school girl one half hour to comb her hair so it looks as if a comb had never been in it. It's quite an acrobatic stunt, but many women have succeeded in kicking their husbands up the ladder to success. Never admit you're a self-made man. You might be criticized for not calling in competent help.

CONTRA DANCE

THE NOVA SCOTIAN

Suggested music:
"Jimmy Allen"



The Dance

Couples 1, 3, 5, etc active
Cross over before dance starts

Allemande left the one below
Come back to the middle and swing your own
Down the center three in line (First couple & second
Left hand lady under, right hand lady under lady)
(Don't return)

Come back to place three in line
The same two ladies chain (Don't return)
Same two couples circle four hands once around
Same two couples right and left four.

This dance was originated by Maurice Henniger, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. It certainly is different from the general run of contra dances. Perhaps that is one reason why it is very popular with contra dancers.

FOR SALE

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by Ralph Sweet - A MUST book for serious callers

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MAY 1, 2 & 3 1970

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WITH

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Write to Cantabrigia Book Shop, 16 Park Ave. Cambridge
Mass. 02138, requesting their catalog #24, of books on
folklore, folk songs and dances.

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"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church

630 Second Avenue

Between 34th and 35th Street

Do NOT use the Cathedral entrance. There is a separate door in the stone wall, in the middle of the Avenue. That is the door to use.

COME JOIN US FOR THE SAME KIND OF QUALITY FOLK DANCING for which Folk Dance House is famous. Mary Ann and Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

TUESDAYS

6-8 p.m. Early class for Intermediate folk dancing with thorough instruction for those with some experience.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Fast intermediate session, rapid teaching and review.

WEDNESDAYS

6-8 p.m. for real beginners. A fun way to get started in folk dancing. Basic dances taught painlessly - you'll be dancing in no time at all.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Late Class. Advanced and practice sessions for those with much experience. Emphasis on styling.

FRIDAYS

8:30 - 11 p.m. Light folk dance fun. Easy intermediate, advanced. A real folk dance "come-all-ye"!

THE THISTLE

A MAGAZINE FOR SCOTTISH DANCERS

Descriptions - Background - History

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The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service now carries full lines of "DANCE ISRAEL" LP; also Bert Everett's book - TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for their listings.

185 Spadina Ave. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

WANTED

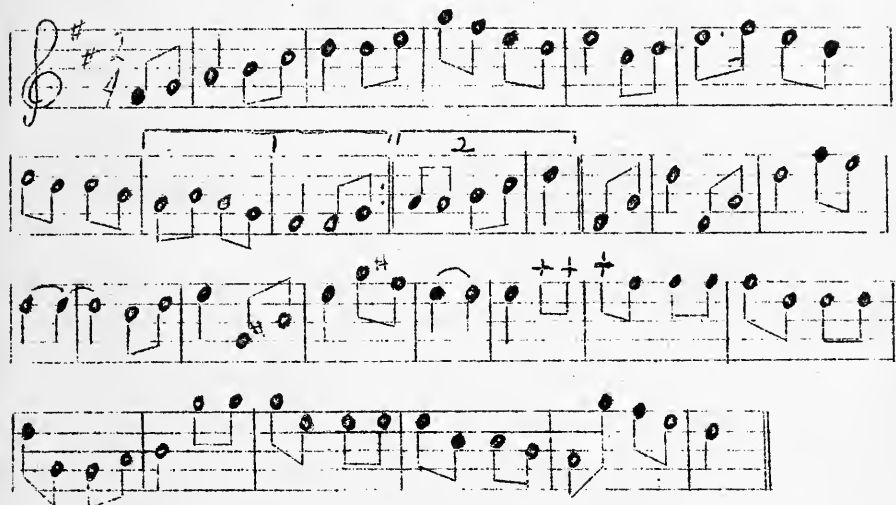
Copies of old recipe books; the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs, Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project. ALSO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete information, call him at VO 2-17144

SQUARE DANCE

LITTLE ARROWS



Any intro. break and ending you wish

Head two couples right and left through, turn the girls
and pass through

Separate around just one, pass on through in the middle
you do

Split those two, around just one, now make a right hand
star

Turn it once around, then allemande left the corner girl

Do si do around your own; now swing that corner girl

Allemande left new corner, come back and promenade

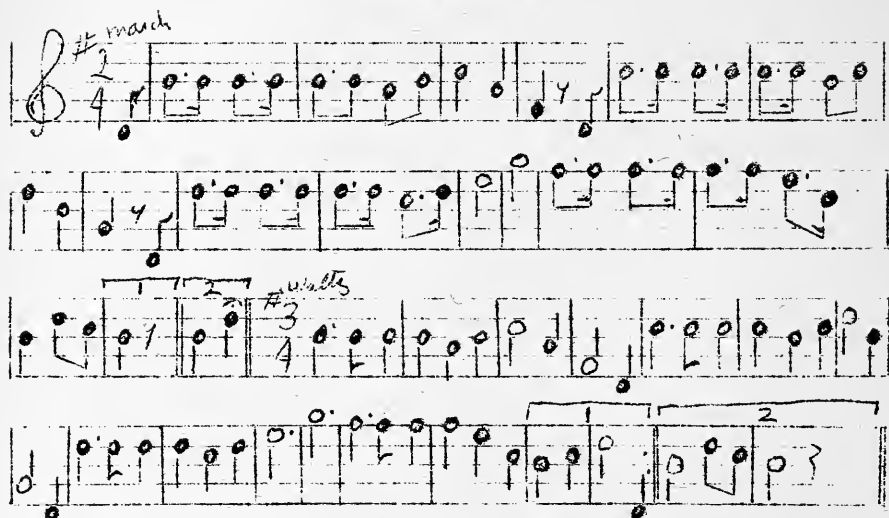
Little Arrows that will hit you once, and hit you once
again

Little Arrows that hit everybody, every now and then.

This dance, as called by Ralph Sweet, Hazardville, Conn.
has been recorded by Top # 25186. It is one of the good
new dances.

FOLK DANCE

JAEGERMARSCH



Formation: A circle of couples facing CCW with gent nearest center and his lady on his right, nearest arms linked.

1. Couples march forward with 32 steps during the first 16 measures of music. Then the ladies turn inward to face the opposite direction (dropping arms).

Men continue to march forward (Ccw) in an inner ring, while the ladies march forward (Cw) in an outer ring - all single file. This is also done for 32 steps during the repeat of the march music.

During the second 16 measures (while marching single file), the men clap their hands on each beat of music and the ladies clap their hands on the off-beat each time (i.e. the men's clap comes with the step and the lady's clap comes between the steps).

2. All stop marching and take the nearest partner in ballroom position and waltz around the room Ccw (turning Cw) for the entire 32 measures of waltz music. Anyone who hasn't found a partner should go to the center of the ring to locate another lost soul with whom to waltz.

Finish the waltz standing side-by-side in a big circle, ready to begin again with the march.

NOTES ON THE DANCE

The Jaegermarsch is danced in various parts of Austria and Germany and therefore many versions may be found. We have given you the simplest and probably the most common version. This is the way we first learned it.

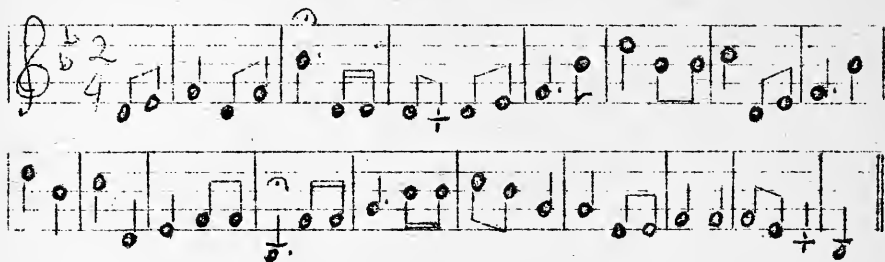
Margaret and Sid Gottlieb learned a version in Germany which has three additional figures. During the second playing of the march music in part 2, the gents, turn and march (Cw) while the ladies continue Ccw. Then at the same point in Part IV, the men merely face the center and join hands raised high to make arches, while the ladies move to the right weaving in and out in front of one man and in back of the next, etc. Likewise in Part V of this version, the ladies make similar arches (during the repeat of the march music) while the gents weave in and out also moving to the right, starting in front of their partner, then behind the next etc.

We have two records we like for this dance: Telefunken #T-6123 is a German import with the music just as given here. Folk Dancer #MH2013 is probably more readily available, but has only 16 measures of waltz music - in some ways, this is an advantage because the dance is repeated more times and those who are not good waltzers would prefer the shorter sequences.

Jaegermarsch is a good fun dance that has long been popular among folk dancers.

FOLK SONG

WILLIE OF WINSBURY



Fair Mary sat at her father's castle gate,
 A-watching the ships coming in;
 Her father he came and sat by her side
 For he saw she looked pale and thin,
 For he saw she looked pale and thin.

"Are you sick? Are you sick, dear Mary?" he said,
 "Are you sick? Are you sick?" quoth he,
 "Or are you in love with a jolly sailor lad
 Who sails the distant seas?"

"I am not sick, dear father," she says,
 "I am not sick," quoth she,
 "But I'm in love with a jolly sailor lad,
 John Barbour is his name."

"Is it so? Is it so, dear Mary?" he said,
 "Is it so? Is it so?" quoth he,
 "If you're in love with a jolly sailor lad,
 Then hanged he shall be!"

Then the old man he called up his merry, merry men,
 By one, by two, by three,
 John Barbour had been the very last man,
 But now the first was he.

"Will you marry my daughter?" the old man said,
 "Will you marry my daughter?" quoth he,
 "Will you sing and play and dance with her,
 And be heir to my houses and lands?"

"Yes, I'll marry your daughter," the young man said,
 "I'll marry your daughter," quoth he,
 "I'll sing and play and dance with her,
 But a fig for your houses and lands!"

"Although John Barbour is my name,
 I'm the Duke of Cumberland,
 And for every pound that you give her,
 I'll give her ten thousand pounds."



The ABE KANEGSON memorial record album is ready! This is welcome news to lovers of folk songs. "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair, The Keeper of the Eddy-stone Light, A Wanderin', Water Boy, Ha Na'Ava Babanet, Roumania, Brother Can You Spare A Dime? Hi Ro Jerum, Big Rock Candy Mountain, Joshua Fit the Battle Of Jericho". These, plus eleven more songs in a fifty-minute program are in store for you. The 12-inch LP record can be obtained for \$5, plus 20¢ mailing charge, by mail or der to the Kanegson Record Fund, c/o Old Joe Clark, Inc 32 Fayette St. Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Any profits will go into a trust for Abe's two young sons.

Mr. Ron Edwards, editor of National Folk, The AUSTRALIAN Folklore Journal, writes:- "the study of early Australian folksongs is made difficult because of our lack of tunes for many songs. In the last century various collections of songs were issued, but no tunes printed, only the occasional 'sung to the tune of Green Balloon' or what have you! If we could find these tunes then the old songs could be republished and given a new lease of life. It is obvious that most of the tunes are from popular songs of the mid-1800s, and these are not easy to track down. Here are a few of them:

Normandy Maid	Queen's Letter
One Horse Shay	Return of the Admiral
Organ Grinder	Rob Roy McGregor
Over the Garden Wall	Rouse Brothers, Rouse
Paddy Miles	Sausage Machine
Paddy Malone	Seen My Husband Teddy?
Pat's Curiosity Shop	Shepherd Lad
Phillip the Falconer	Skidmore Guards
Pirate King	Smuggler King
Pretty Little Dandy	Speaking Automaton
Pulling Against the Stream	Tatur Can

or

Teetotaller	Very Wife For Me
Terry O'Rann	Wealth Is an Invention
Things I Don't Like to See	We'll Run the Risk for All
To the West	Wife's Dream that
Two Years Ago	Wet Sheet and A Flowing Sea
Unfortunate Man	When First I Went to Sea
Unhappy Jeremiah	When Vulcan Forged
Young Man From the Country	

If any of our readers know any of the above mentioned tunes won't you write off the music of them and mail to: Mr. Ron Edwards

Holloways Beach
Queensland 4870, Australia

SQUARE DANCING'S GONE TO TOWN

by TONY PARKES

(with apologies to Mr. Pat Pending)

I took my girl out to a dance -
A square dance, so I thought;
But it was nothing like the stuff
That she and I were taught.

We passed the ticket lady
And she gave us both a smile
She said, "Tonight's advanced; have
Been doing this awhile?"



My girl had danced for seven years,
And I for ten or more;
We thought there could be nothing that
We hadn't done before.

"We've danced for quite a time," I said
"I think we know our stuff;
We even know the Western doe,
And that should be enough."

But "No," the ticket lady said,
Although she didn't frown;
"I see you have a lot to learn -
Square dancing's gone to town!"



"There's many things you have to know -
It's harder now, you see;
But we're a whole lot friendlier
Than dancers used to be!"

We went inside, took off our coats,
 And figured we would stay;
 But everything we saw in there,
 It filled us with dismay.

My partner had a brand-new dress,
 She liked it, so did I;
 But it didn't have enough doo-dads
 Or glitter to get by.



I wore my red and yellow plaid,
 It seemed to me just right.
 But it sure stood out among this crowd,
 For every shirt was white!

Now when you've been square dancing
 For a decade, it can hurt
 When someone asks "Are you too poor
 To buy a square dance shirt?"



I figured I had better keep
 Eyes open and mouth shut
 Until I found out who was who,
 And what on earth was what.

The man who called the figures off
 Was ready to begin;
 Behind him sat no orchestra,
 But just some hunks of tin.

He had a funny piece of string
 A-dangling from his collar;
 It must have been too tight for him,
 'Cause you sure could hear him holler.

He said "Where do we need 'em, folks?
 Hold up your hands for more!"
 Now this idea made sense to me
 As I looked round the floor.



But of, they won't believe this
 When back home I give the word:

The people were passing squares
To find those they preferred.



At last we had four couples,
And the caller he did start.
He sounded like the ones I knew -
At least, until this part:

He said "Go forward up and back."
I took four steps ahead,
But I had no time to take four back,
For right away he said:



"Pass on through, then wheel and deal
And double pass on through;
Lead couple left, the next go right
And do a cross trail through."

Now I had done these things before,
Except for wheel and deal,
But dancing them takes much more time,
At least, that's how I feel.

Five minutes more we walked the floor,
And dancing it was not;
Because we had to leave each place
Before we hit that spot.

We thought we'd found a resting place,
But fate was not so kind;
We found out, quite by accident,
We'd been three calls behind.

Now everyone has made mistakes,
And back at home we'd grin;
But here they looked at us
As if to say "Who let you in?"

And when again the caller stood,
And "Square 'em up!" he said,
We were the ones who got passed by -
The folks all cut us dead.



We got our coats, and to the door
 We strode amid the fuss;
 The lady in the ticket booth
 No longer smiled at us.



To judge from what we saw that night,
 Square dancing's in a fix.
 If this is how it's gone to town,
 I'm heading for the sticks.

P.S.

I feel so sorry for those folks,
 Yes, each and every one.
 They knew so much they missed the point:
 SQUARE DANCING IS FOR FUN.



The New England Folk Festival Association announce their Twenty-Sixth Annual Folk Festival will be held at the Natick High School, Natick, Mass. on April 17, 18 & 19, 1970. Traditional dances of many countries as well as traditional food booths to take care of the hungry dancers. Also handicraft exhibits.

George Hodgson calls Traditional Eastern-Style dances at Clark Memorial Building, Winchendon, Mass. every other Saturday night 8:15 - 11:45 p.m. Next dates are Mar. 7 & 21; April 4 & 18; and May 2. Live music. Admission: Adults, \$1.50. Students, 50¢.

Write Seminars, NYSHA, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326 for information about the 1970 Seminars On American Culture sponsored by the New York State Historical Association.



It's Fun To Hunt

From "History of Prescott, Mass." courtesy of Winifred Sayre.

MEMOIRS

For a number of years in the eighties and the early part of the nineties dances were held in what was Aldrich Hall (later called Grange Hall) in Atkinson Hollow, Prescott, every two weeks during the winter months.

How well remembered are the good times the old and the young had together, when Gene Lincoln played on his violin and Rose Wheeler played the organ. And how well you might remember too the way Lou Giffin would sit and play those old contra dances on his violin with his eyes closed. You would think by looking at him that he was asleep - perhaps he was asleep. He played them so much one would not be surprised if he could play them in his sleep.

Then again we danced to the music of Whitney Haskin's violin with his sister-in-law, Carrie Wheeler, playing the organ and West Aldrich as prompter. Sometimes in Mr. Aldrich's absence Waldo Pierce would call the dances.

What big gatherings we would have! Some would come from Orange, some from Athol, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, New Salem, Pelham and Shutesbury. The old hall would be crowded. How we would all dance those old contra dances

- Money Musk, Lady Walpole's Reel, Fishers' Hornpipe, Hull's Victory, square dances, the Tempest, waltz, five step schotische, polka and Portland Fancy.

This is the way we used to dance the Portland Fancy: Join hands and swing eight, head couple (gentleman opposite lady) down the middle, foot couple up the outside (at the same time), back to places; head couple down the outside and the foot couple up the middle, back to places; ladies' chain at the head, right and left at the foot, right and left at the head and ladies chain at the foot, all forward, forward and cross by opposite couple and face the next four and repeat.



All of these dances bring many happy memories back to all. One recalls one winter, when Dr. Walter Clark played first violin, Fred Potter second violin and Dexter Wheelock clarinet, and also Carrie Wheeler played the organ. There was what was called a music stand where the musicians sat when they played and a shelf where they had their music. This particular night we were dancing "The Tempest", which was always the last dance of the evening. The dancers all lined up on each side of the hall, the two head couples would promenade down the center, then back, ladies' change, right and left, then down the center again and so on down through the line. When every other couple was going down the center the dance became quite exciting. The writer was dancing with Charlie Hunter, both of us in our teens and full of life. We were at the head and went down the center. When we came back we were going with such speed that, the floor being very slippery, we were unable to stop until we hit the music stand. The music flew in all directions. We glanced at the musicians, expecting to see them all scowling at us in anger, but instead, to our surprise, they were laughing and there was a merry twinkle in Dr. Clark's eyes. Those were grand old days, which will never be forgotten.

Gentlemen were admitted to these dances for 25 cents, ladies free. Sometimes there would be an oyster supper, at a charge of 25 cents. Those who came from a distance with teams were charged 25 cents for putting them up. These dances would begin around eight o'clock and last until two or three in the morning and sometimes later. How well we remember walking home with neighbors and friends and going up the road a good many times after it was daylight, (this in the spring or early fall). For many days we would live over again the good time we had at these dances and look forward to the next scheduled in two weeks.

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WHAT IS A YANKEE?

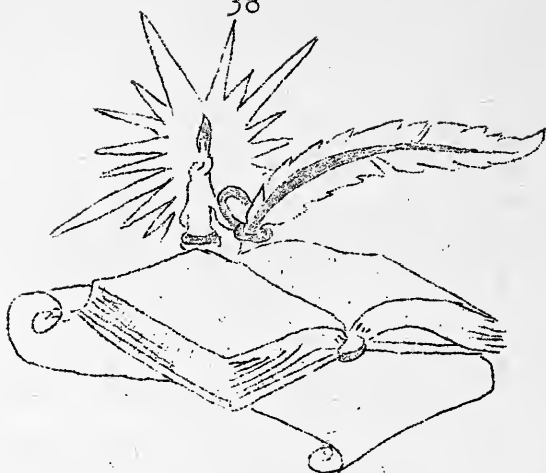
The word "Yankee" implies different things to different people. To foreigners, a Yankee is an American. To an American a Yankee is a Northerner. To a Northerner a Yankee is a New Englander. To a New Englander a Yankee is a Vermonter. To a Vermonter a Yankee is a person who eats pie for breakfast.

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If you live near the Washington, D.C. area, you should know about the Special Event for Saturday, March 21 at 8:30 p.m. sponsored by the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, in the History & Technology Museum Auditorium: a concert by George & Gerry Armstrong; Ed & Penny Trickett; Sara Gray with Howie & Ann Mitchell; John & Ginny Dildine; and Joe & Lynn Hickerson, rounding out the Golden Circle.

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All that stops most of us from having a nervous breakdown these days is that we can't afford it. One reason a "mechanical brain" is far more efficient than a human brain is that there are no loose screws in its head.



The following items are from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a weekly newspaper published in Keene, N.H. for some eighty years during the 1800s and 1900s until 1912.

2/28/80 Hinsdale:- The ladies of the Universalist society held their annual festival and dance on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week.....Before eleven o'clock the hall was cleared for the dance. It being leap year, the ladies did the honors and selected their partners. Mrs. P.M. Roberts, Miss Nettie Stearns, Miss Lottie Bowker and Miss L. Florentina Cooper were the floor managers, and there certainly never was a more quiet, decorous dancing party. The most audacious youngster did not dare to execute "the double shuffle", even to the entrancing strains of Pinafore by the orchestra. Four hours of dancing seemed to satisfy the most enthusiastic devotee of this amusement, and all went home with the consciousness of having enjoyed a pleasant entertainment. On account of the storm, it was thought best to continue the festival on Thursday evening, as many were prevented from attending for this reason. It should be added in closing, that the music by Slate's Orchestra of Winchester was the subject of much favorable comment and praise. The conductor, Mr. Charles Slate, who is a son of the late Obed Slate, for many years a prominent and influ-

ential citizen of Hinsdale, has made Orchestral Music a profession, and his Orchestra, which numbers among its members, P.S. Batchelder, the celebrated violinist ranks deservedly high in this part of the State.

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3/6/80 Westmoreland:- The opening of the Bennett House on the 25th ult. was a grand affair in every respect, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Bennett upon his new, commodious, and thoroughly constructed mansion which is now open to the public. The dance which was participated in by over fifty couples, from eight till nearly four o'clock, was one of the most orderly and enjoyable we have ever witnessed. The music by the Keene Quadrille Orchestra reflected much credit to that popular organization, and well deserved the unanimous praise which it received. The affair passed without a ripple and was an event long to be remembered by all present.

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Marlborough:- The Mechanics Cornet Band will hold a fair and ball a week from next Wednesday. There will be the usual attractions to be found at a band fair. Supper will be furnished at the hall.

3/13/80 Hinsdale:-

There was a pleasant private dancing party at Fisk's Hall on Thursday eve. of last week, participated in by guests from Brattleboro and Hinsdale. The Brattleboro Quadrille Band furnished the music; supper was served at the Ashuelot House and those present speak of the occasion as a very pleasant one.

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3/20/80 West Swanzy:- The receipts of the "Granite State Brass Band" at their Promenade Concert and Dance at the Town Hall, on the 8th inst. were about \$68.00. We are informed that 58 tickets were sold. The members of the band will hold a sugar party at Evans Hall on

Tuesday evening the 23rd inst. concluding with a dance. A general invitation is extended.

Marlborough:- The first annual fair and ball of the Mechanics Cornet Band last Wednesday evening, proved a grand success.....Between fifty and sixty couples took part in the dance. Music, White & Dexter's Band. Supper was furnished at ten and two o'clock. The band made seventy-five dollars and twenty cents above expenses.

4/3/80 Marlborough:- The Mechanics Cornet Band made over \$175 at their fair instead of \$75 as reported last week. "Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families".



9/18/80 Marlow:- Your correspondent by invitation, attended the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. David Sheldon of Stoddard, on Friday evening, Sept. 19th. There were about one hundred present. A very fine literary entertainment was given. After refreshments dancing was in order and was kept up till the wee small hours. It was a pleasant gathering, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The reception was held in a large room just finished in the new mill, built by Christopher Robb, and when complete will be one of the finest mills in Cheshire County.



10/23/80 South Stoddard:- Christopher Robb of this place, whose wooden ware shops were destroyed by fire last spring, has replaced them with a fine new set of buildings. The main building is 40x60 and ell 30x78 feet, both two stories high. They were dedicated on Friday evening, October 15th by a social dance. Mr. Robb inviting his many friends to partake of his well known hospitality. About two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. The East Sullivan Quadrille Band of five pieces furnished music for dancing in the upper story of the mill, which was enjoyed until midnight, when supper was announced and all repaired to the lower floor

of the ell, where a bountiful supply of refreshments were provided. Three long tables very tastefully arranged ran the entire length of the hall, and the large company were soon seated, enjoying the repast. The sides of the dining room were hung with pictures and trimmed with evergreen, and at the farther end in large letters was the word "Welcome", presenting a very pleasing scene. After supper, dancing was resumed and continued until early morning. All united in saying it was one of the pleasantest gatherings they had ever attended, and many were the kind wishes the host received from all, wishing him success. A number were present from Nashua, Milford, Keene, and other places. Mr. Robb is one of our most enterprising business men and he has done much for the town and we hope he will be prospered in his undertaking.

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11/20/80 Winchester:- There is to be a Firemens Ball at Town Hall, Wednesday evening, November 24. Slate's band furnishes music, which is a guarantee that it will be good. Supper at Richard's hotel, will, of course, be all that the most dainty could desire. George knows how it is done.

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11/27/80 Local Affairs:- The gay season seems to have been fairly commenced with those who enjoy dancing. Wednesday the L and K.B.A. had their second assembly, and Thanksgiving night the Deluge Hose Company's ball was largely attended. Next Friday evening the G.A.R. Post have a social dance and on December 15th Neptune Hose Company will give a ball. Music by Keene Quadrille Band.

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12/4/80 Local Affairs:- Nearly one hundred tickets were sold for the Deluge Hose Co's dance on Thanksgiving evening, and we learn it is the intention of the company to have another sometime during the winter.

A very large party was present at the G.A.R. dance at Cheshire hall on Friday of last week. Keene Quadrille Band furnished music and kept the company on the move and in the best of spirits. There was no chance for some of the old dancers to display their proficiency in taking the ten-step balance, and like extras, that the young people know nothing about.



1/1/81 Munsonville:- Christmas was observed in this place. Union hall being the scene of attraction. The hall was very beautifully trimmed with evergreen, by the ladies, while over the platform was a large motto very elegantly arranged and inscribed "All Welcome To Our Merry Christmas". Over the motto was a cross made of evergreen, in the center of which was arranged some flowers; the whole thing being very emblematic of the season. In the corner of the hall on each side of the motto, were very tastefully arranged two evergreen trees, heavily loaded with presents for the children... From ten o'clock until two in the morning, was occupied by the young people dancing. Thus ended one of the pleasantest Christmas eves that we have enjoyed for many years.



1/8/81 Marlow:- The New Year's ball given by Colonel Petts, at the Forest House, on Friday evening December 31, was a complete success notwithstanding the extreme cold (thirty-four degrees below zero). Sixty couples were present, and all seemed happy; there was no disturbance, no intoxication, and in fact, it was all just as it should be; and when we say that the supper was one of the Colonel's best, that is enough. The music by Taylor and Long's band was first class.





PAINLESS FOLKLORE

HOBSON'S CHOICE

The expression "Hobson's choice", which refers to a so-called choice without an alternative, goes back to the Seventeenth Century. It is believed to be an allusion to the practice of Thomas Hobson of Cambridge, England, who hired out horses and required every customer to take the horse that stood nearest the door. Thomas Ward used the phrase in his work of 1630, "England's Reformation": Where to elect there is but one,

'Tis Hobson's choice - take that or none.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Birds have been associated with St. Valentine's Day from ancient times. In the Middle Ages there was a belief that birds chose their mates on that day. There was also the belief in England that the bird seen on that day would foretell one's mate, or at least one's luck in marriage. A blackbird foretold a clergyman as a mate; a robin, a sailor; a goldfinch, a millionaire; a yellowbird, a reasonably rich man. A sparrow foretold love in a cottage; bluebird, poverty; crossbill, a quarrelsome husband; a wryneck, no marriage at all; flock of doves indicated good luck in marriage in every way.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Industrious Dessie dexterously dusts dusky, dusty desks daily.

If Sammy Slacker split six slick slim, slender saplings where are the six slick slim slender saplings that Sammy Slacker split?

Frank three Fred three free throws.

Vera bastes vests and waists.

Slick Sam Slade slid slowly of slender Sally's soft sofa seat.

David Doldrum dreamed he drove a galloping gray dragon dangerously.

IMPROBABLE THINGS THAT KEEP ON HAPPENING

Breaking your neck to get somewhere, losing your head over a girl, being on pins and needles, hiding your light under a bushel, carrying a chip on your shoulder and having something go in one ear and out the other!

Being tickled pink, salt in a wound, buttoning up your lip, jumping down someone's throat, sitting on pins and needles, raising the roof, running from pillar to post and splitting hairs,

Putting on one's thinking cap, catching forty winks, losing one's head and starting in business on a shoestring. Being beside yourself, stewing in one's own juice, changing your mind, lending an ear and being all ears.

Keeping your eyes peeled, fighting a cold, being on the horns of a dilemma, and keeping one's finger on the nation's pulse. Crashing a party, having a glass jaw, leading with your chin, stretching a point.

MAYFLOWER CAT

There is a tradition that the first cat to come to America was a black stowaway that crouched in the bow of the Mayflower. His fur was wet with seaspray as he sprang upon the shore of this wild continent.

The pilgrim fathers superstitiously blamed him for the rough weather and bad luck, but a little girl hid him in her sea chest to protect him from the wrath of her elders.

The cat further incurred the pilgrim's anger by eating some of their small store of fish. For this offense, they drove him out to the wilderness, but later were obliged to call him back to guard their seed grain from raiding mice.

The next ship to cross the ocean brought the cat a mate. In later years, American seafaring men brought home Angoras, Persians, and other exotic breeds from all parts of the world.

After all is said and done
And time allotted's sped,
You're sure to find, in the long run,
That less was done than said.

Behind every successful man is a good woman - and the chances are she'll catch him!

A fair-weather friend is one who is always around when he needs you.

When a habit begins to cost money it is called a hobby.

It is said the good die young. If we believe what we read on the tombstones, the bad never die.

Sticking your nose into other people's business is the surest way to come face to face with trouble.

Four fat Frenchmen fried a feathered fowl.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When a horse which could road ten miles per hour had the same rating as the car of today which can hit 90 ?
When it was thought to be proper for the railroads to carry the freight?

When you could get fixed out in a good black or brown derby for a dollar?

When, as warm weather approached, regular guys would blossom out in seersucker coats and vests?

When you always bought your bananas by the dozen?

When the women wore those peek-a-boo waists?

When you tried to break up the band concerts by conspicuously sucking a lemon?

When you soaked your feet in a strong solution of wood ashes on account of chilblains?

When they thought that a pin tray made a nice birthday present?

When you tried to blow up a leaky bicycle tire with the vest-pocket pump which came in the tool-bag?

When cut plug tobacco came in one quart tin milk cans?

When you didn't think it was healthy to have your hair cut in March?

When you were advised to fight shy of toads or you might catch warts?

When grandmothers wore lace caps?

When you thought it advisable to keep your Nick Carter stories cached under the barn where the folks wouldn't find them?

When you whaled the stuffing out of the striking machine at the fair grounds, but couldn't ring the bell?

When the ladies thought that corn starch made a pretty good face powder?

Do you remember? It really wasn't so long ago.

GOOD FOOD

IRISH RECIPES

MULLIGAN STEW



With 1 lb. beef and 1 lb. lamb. Take a fistful of flour 2 shakes of paprika, a good pinch of salt, 2 shakes of celery salt, 2 shakes of pepper. Wash meat, dry it, and roll in flour mixture. Put a good lump of butter in frying pan. Sear meat on both sides. Into large saucepan put 2 quarts boiling water, 2 carrots, 1 parsnip, 1 sweet green pepper, 2 sticks of celery, 1 large onion, cut up. Add meat. Simmer slowly $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Add 5 or 6 large potatoes, diced, when cooking about 2 hours. Thicken soup with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp flour in a little cold water. A soup bone boiled with this makes it more delicious.

ST. PATRICK'S PORK CAKE

1 lb. fat salt pork ground fine. Pour over this 2 cups strong hot coffee. Add 2 cups brown sugar, 2 beaten eggs. Stir 1 tsp soda (heaping) into a cup of molasses and add. Pour this mixture into bowl in which you have 1 box boiled seedless raisins, 1 box boiled seedless currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. citron - thinly sliced, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1tbs. cinnamon, 1tbs. cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg, 6 cups flour. Mix well. Bake in three bread tins or in 1 large dripping pan for two hours. Put heavy waxed paper in bottom. Cool and wrap in wax paper and put away in tin or crock with an apple to ripen for 1 week.

IRISH BREAD

Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder and 1 pinch salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Mix in large lump of butter, add a little less than a cup of raisins, a beaten egg, and milk enough to mix to a thick soft dough. Add a tsp. of carraway seeds. Bake in a round tin on slow oven oven for about 45 minutes. Wrap in a damp cloth, when baked to keep crust soft.

IRISH FRUIT SPONGE PIE

2 tbsp. butter	1 tbsp. lemon juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
3 tbsp. flour	grated rind of 1 orange
2 eggs	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
2 slices pineapple	

Cream butter, add sugar, salt and flour sifted together. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add lemon and orange juice and grated rind and mix well. Stir in milk gradually. Fold into the mixture beaten egg whites. Pour into a pastry lined plate. Scatter shredded pineapple over top. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

BLACK PEPPER CAKE

1 cup stoned raisins	2 cups flour
1 cup baking syrup	1 tsp. baking soda
2 eggs	1 tsp. cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream	1 tsp. black pepper
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Stir into a smooth batter. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in medium oven about 40 minutes.

Slainte!

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LAST MINUTE NEWS

The International Institute of Boston announces its annual International Ball, to be held at the Statler Hilton, Boston, Mass. on Saturday evening, April fourth. eight to one o'clock. Music by Don Russell. Around The World Buffet-Patisserie.

The Columbus (Ohio) Folk Dancers announce that Dick Crum will hold a workshop in Columbus, March 21 & 22 at the Agricultural Administration Building Auditorium. Further information from John Shaw, 4940 Sharon Ave. Columbus, Ohio 43214.

New England Folk Festival Association announces its annual Sunday afternoon & evening workshop in connection with its 26th Annual Folk Festival, will be held at Natick, Mass. High School, will be led by Bob Brundage & Jane Farwell. Folk & Square Dancers will not want to miss this event, April 18, 1970. ALL WELCOME.

